

The Historie of

Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion,
And shew'd thou makest some tender of my life,
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to me.

Prin. O God, they did me too much iniurie,
That euer said, I harkened for your death.
If it were so, I might haue let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas ouer you,
Which would haue bene as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sau'd the trecherous labour of your sonne.

King. Make vp to Clifton, Ile to S. Nicholas Gawfey. *Exit Ki.*

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

Prin. Thou speakest, as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

Prin. Why, then I see a very valiant rebell of that name;
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keepe not their motion in one sphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double raigne
Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Now, shall it, Harry? for the houre is come,
To end the one of vs, and would to God
Thy name in armes, were now as great as mine.

Prin. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all the budding honours on thy crest,
Ile crop to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight: Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. Well said, Hal, to it, Hal. Nay you shall find no boyes
play here, I can tell you.

*Enter Douglas, he fighteth with Falstaffe, he falls
downe as if he were dead, the Prince
killeth Percy.*

Hot. Oh Harry, thou hast rob'd me of my youth,
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,
Then those proud titles thou hast won of me,

Henry the fourth.

They wound my thoughts, worse then thy sword my fle
But thought's the slaue of life, and life times foole,
And time that takes furuay of all the world,
Must haue a stop. O, I could prophetic,
But that the earth and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue: no Percy, thou art dust
And food for

Prin. For wormes, braue Percy. Fare thee well, great
I'll wean'd ambition, how much art thou thrunked?
When that this body did containe a spirit,
A kingdome for it was too small a bound,
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is roome inough: this earth that beares the dead,
Beares not aloue so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of curtesie,
I should not make so great a shew of zeale:
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalfe ile thanke my selfe,
For doing these faire rites of tenderesse.
Adiew, and take thy praise with thee to heauen,
Thy ignominy sleepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.

He spieth Falstaffe on the ground.

What, old acquaintancel could not all this flesh
Keepe in a little life? poore lacke, farewell,
I could haue better spar'd a better man.
O, I should haue a heauy misse of thee,
If I were much in loue with vanitie:
Death hath not strooke so faire a Deere to day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Inbowel'd will I see thee by and by,
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. *Exit.*

Falstaffe riseth vp.

Fal. Inbowel'd? if thou inbowell me to day, ile give you
to powder mee and eate me too to morrow. Zblood, t'w
to counterfet, or that hot termagant Scot had paid mee
lot too. Counterfet? I lie, I am no counterfet: to die is
counterfet, for hee is but the counterfet of a man, who h